

Today was a terrible day for me as my eldest son committed "suicide by police". He died this morning in UofA hospital at 7:30 am after bleeding to death. They could not get the bleeding to stop as he had been shot too many times. He had a gun, but I don't know if it was loaded and how he got it either; it was CLEARLY planned on his part. He took a cab to the bank and had it wait outside for his return. He told his girl friend that he "was going to rob a bank" but she thought it was in jest. He could have left at any time but he waited for the police to arrive.

Micheal was only 24 and had been scared about cancer of the small intestine, he bled every bowel movement for a number of weeks prior. He had no job, and no income, what he did have was a wonderful 7 year old girl. He had struggled to get marketable skills and was always scrambling to find money or work. We often did not see eye to eye and that led to many confrontations, however I never stopped loving him even when angry. Many times he disappointed me but lately he had begun to come around and it seemed we were beginning to reach an adult level of compromise.

I have been crying for the better part of 2 days, angry, sorrowful, looking at his pictures as a small child and on through many Xmas's.

This is the 3rd family death for me in the last 3 years, my mom, my sister and now my son.

No matter how hard I try I cannot erase the guilt that I was a party to this and why did he not talk to me, come to me for council. I guess it was because I am old and he was young and wanted to make the world in his own fashion. Now I will never see him again and I wept as I write this to my friends. I lament all the things that happened and the things that will not and I am at a loss to know how I could have stopped or prevented it from happening. Maybe it could have been by not being so critical or pushing him to get an education or trade. I really did NOT understand his choices in life but I still loved him no matter how angry I was; I REALIZED THAT as I stood at the foot of the bed and saw all the blood that had seeped from his wounds. Now I am desolated by this empty space, I miss my raucous, loud, angry young man, who pushed me in so many ways. I cry for forgiveness and ask God to accept this lamb into His house. Why could it not be me instead of him?

I ask you my friends to say a prayer for my son tonight and to think of your own brats who may not be as we wish, but accept that they are who they are.

Love them - always, close your eyes and don't see them as stubborn or lazy, but as a younger version of you, full of themselves and thinking they know better, they may not be there for you tomorrow.

Bless them and keep them in your heart, and when angered, think of them as they were a small child full of energy and curiosity and daring.

Don't leave a hole in your heart from anger , it only tarnishes all that you have and will remember

In pain, and grieving for my son Michael